WIND IN THE AIRSHAFT.

The Sound Moves a Mississippian to Relate

an Old Indian Lagend.

"I'm living in a flat," said the man from

Mississippi, "and I feel more at home than I

have since I lived in the South. It's all on ac-

count of the wind that moans through our air-

shaft: and sometimes when I waken in the

night I think I'm a youngster again down in

Mississippi. The wind's the only thing about

that moaning certainly does sound familiar.

driven on and finally reached the sea.

CHAMPION WOLF KILLERS.

Two Hunters in South Dakota Make Nearly \$150 a Week on Scalps.

From the Philadelphia Times,

out question, be confidently claimed by Jesse

the Black Hills, who at present are making

and covotes for the liberal bounties offered by

the cattlemen. The bounty fund is raised by

assessing cattlemen 5 cents per head for cattle

owned by them. John Albers, who has just

returned from the cattle ranges of the ceded

some interesting information concerning the operations of these skilful wolf hunters. The

vast cattle range between here and the Black Hills, extending for a distance of 250 miles, is

divided into three wolf and coyote bounty dis-tricts. Thus, between the Cheyenne River

CHAMBERTAIN, S. D., Dec. 5 .- The wolf-kill-

#### THE WAY OF THE REGULAR.

A LESSON IN FORAGING GIFEN ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.

Raid by Enlisted Men on Delicacies in the Ship-Different Plan of the Yolun-teers-An Episode on San Juan Hill. On the return trip from Santiago to the

United States one volunteer regiment shared its transport with the 'Steenth Regular Infantry. The transport had just returned from Porto Bico, where she had disembarked a regiment of Western volunteers. Her hold was full of supplies intended for that island, which either through baste or oversight had not been

At Santiago each company of the two regiments had brought on board field rations for the trip home. But it was soon found that these rations would prove scanty for the age. So orders were issued to make up the deficiency from the rations stored in the transport's hold. Now it happened that the hold contained not only regular rations for enlisted men, but also canned soups and all sorts of delicacies originally intended, perhaps, for the bospitals and staff officers in Porto Rico. It is probable that the officers of the steamship conidered themselves responsible for these supplies, and agreed to sanction access to the with the understanding that only regular field rations should be taken. In any event, in pursuance of a general order, the company officers of the 'Steenth assembled their men and delivered little speeches that went like this:

'Ten-shun! The field rations issued Santiago are scant for the trip. There are plenty of such rations in the hold. There are also delicacies there which we have no authority to touch. The First Sergeant will take detail and go to the hold and ta-a-ake what is ne-e-eded. The first mate of the transport will be there to see-es-that only regular field sations are taken. Dismissed!"

The reader may interpret that order to suit himself. This was not the only occasion during the campaign that volunteers heard such an order with similar results, and many of these volunteers will believe to the end of their days that there is a secret freemasonry between West Point officers and their enlisted men. Either that, or each officer, when he said tha little sentence about the first mate, must have torily delivered, the officers of the 'Steenth disappeared in their cabins and were not in evidence for several hours.

A somewhat similar order, but not so coneisely worded and accompanied by a long and rambling lecture on the penalties of disobedience was delivered to the volunteers.

It happened somehow that the officer of the guard was a volunteer. The sentry at the details from the two regiments alld down the ladder to the hold. At the thought of the forbidden delicacies stored there the volunteers looked glum, while the regulars grinned from ear to ear about something.

At the foot of the ladder stood the first mate of the transport. He was a massive German big and broad, but corpulent and scant of breath. His position was in a parrow gangway between big piles of freight. It seemed odd that there was no soldier-sentry posted there. As the regulars dropped off the ladder they sort of sized up the first mate and grinned in his fat face.

They, jumped into those piles of boxes and caddles and bags and began to excavate great caverns. They grabbed cases of canned beef, bags of bacon and boxes of hardtack, and slammed them across the hold like footballs— and let them lie untouched where they fell. But when they struck a case of canned soups or fruits, a sack of rice, a box of condensed milk, a butt of tobacco, or a caddy of tea, it was promptly shouldered and a start made for the ladder. For a minute the mate was paralyzed by the pandemonium that prevailed, and

then it dawned on him what was happening.
"Stop dot!" he shouted. "Dunder und blitgen! It is der food mit der officer gentlemenyou vas takin' alretty! Stop dot! I gommand

Boxes and bags on their shoulders, the regulars charged tandem fashion down the narrow gangway to the ladder. They grinned as they went. The mate's hands went up in angry protest, but they rammed, jammed and banged him up in a corner, where he stuck breathless and purple-faced. "Holdt on!" he gasped. "Holdt on! I'm too

theeck! I'm too theeck!" At this appeal they eased up a bit, and the mate laboriously climbed to a place of comparative safety on top of a pile of freight. From this perch he pantingly surveyed a boatscape. boxes, bags, and barrels.

Mein lieber Gott!" he exclaimed, "no vonder dese teffils go mit der Spanish parbed-vire sences through!"

Thus the regulars faithfully obeyed an order that, for the facility with which it could be translated into two directly contrary meanings, rivaled the best of the Delphic oracles. The ship was crowded with fever-stricken men, to whose stomachs the regular field rations wer an impossibility. The regulars "took what was needed "as per orders. They left it to a civilian mate "to see-ee" as much or as little During the looting of that hold and for a cou-

ple of hours afterward not a regular army offi-cer was visible on that transport. You couldn't have found one with a search warrant. Behind the locked doors of some interior cabin there must have been some very absorbing busines ways a surprise to a volunteer to note how sel-dom he sees a commissioned officer of the regulars anywhere near his men, except when order that is meant is tardily executed. Then you see one fast enough. Now note the varying results of this enig-

matic order in the respective cases of the regu-lars and the volunteers. At the head of the ladder from the hold stood a volunteer sentry Beside him was the volunteer officer of the guard. The latter might have gone and locked himself in a stateroom and pulled down the shades just as easily as a regular officer. But

the companionway was that of a regular. his back he carried a pack of supposedly forbidden food that weighed more than he did. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He kept right on-straight ahead. The sentry at his superior. The officer in turn started for ward, his hand on the hilt of his sword, and then, recognizing a regular, hesitated and dropped back. He seemed doubtful of his right to halt a rear rank private of the regulars. A lowed. The more enterprising among the volunteers were not slow to follow the trump suit of the regulars. But the first volunteer who eanned soups was promptly ordered back by escaped arrest. For the time being, that setfore, through the action of one volunteer, the in a Pickwickian sense.

It happened that this volunteer was the one who appeared at the top of the ladder with a case of the coveted canned soups. He had to carry it back. Then he brought up a box of hardtack: it was the lightest thing in the line of regular rations he could grab. He came and ant on his blanket-roll and said things. If the Recording Angel succeeds in blotting out all of them, he'll have to do some very tall tear-

marked among other things," "I'll be blinkityblanked if I can't!"

Then he went and consulted an enlisted man of the 'Steenth with whom he was acquainted.

The regular advised him:
"Go and take what you most want and walk right by the sentry," he said. "Don't look at him. If he orders you to stop, just keep right

How he knew it was all right is not explained.

Well, the volunteer waited a bit and tried it.

When he got to the top of the ladder with the CASE OF BESETTIN' SINS. anned stuff the sentry ordered him to halt. He kept on going, or tried to. But the sentry jabbed his bayonet up against the volunteer's solar plexus, and gave him to understand dis-tinctly that he would take that box back or go to the guardhouse for stealing. The volunteer thought it over and took the box back. Then he said some more things that would have shocked the Chaplain. Again he consulted his friend of the regulars about his ill-success.

'I forgot," said the regular, "to tell you about the sentry on the post. Was he a regular or a volunteer?"

'A volunteer," said the volunteer.
'That," replied the regular, "makes a dif.

Your fellows always get the orders mixed. They're as long-faced and solemncholy as a lot of parsons. Just wait until there's a regular on that post and try it again. O he says 'Halt! keep goin'. He has to say it, you know; but he won't jab you. If he yells after you, keep goln', only faster. He won't hurt you. If he was a volunteer he might get rattled and shoot. But if he's a regular he won't. He'll just yell like blazes and let you go-provided you go fast enough. You know he dassent leave his post." The volunteer waited as instructed, and then tried it again. As he slid down the ladder the regular on guard stared sternly at the carlins of the deck above. When he reappeared with his booty the same sentry had his back to the hatchway, and was looking very hard at noth-ing. The volunteer was seemingly unseen until he had a start of a good three paces

Then the centry suddenly turned, called "Hait!" and stuck his gun and bayonet across the hatchway so that the volunteer couldn't have gone back if he wished. He gained five paces more, and the sentry again called "Halt!" at the top of his voice. The volunteer disappeared through a doorway. Twenty seconds later there rang through the ship, from sentry to sentry, the sharp call, "Corporal of

the Guard-No. 7!"
Panting, the volunteer arrived at company quarters, dropped the case of canned soups, threw a blanket over it and sat on it. Then he waited for results. None came. At intervals of half an hour his companions would hear the sharp summons. "Corporal of the Guard—No. 7!" and that personage would walk briskly down the guard and very shortly walk back, but with no prisoner. That was all when a volunteer got post No. 7 they would hear the summons no more, or, if they did, the Corporal would come back with a pris oner. They came to smile when they heard that post called and to know that each time a new and absolutely unavoidable raid on the ransport's hold had been reported by an alert but discriminating sentry from the regulars. So the volunteers got an idea that both the

under certain elreumstances, a dry but very keen sense of humor. Late that afternoon the volunteer and his bunkle opened the case of canned soup. They took a couple of cans each and then turned the balance over to the Quartermaster Sergeant for the sick men of the company. They made baskets of twine and took a can each and lowered them into the hot-water barrel that stood outside of the cook's galley. When the soup had boiled until the ends of the cans gan to bulge they went to the hurricane deck, ppened them and lit in. While they were smacking their lips over the soup their Captain

officers and enlisted men of the regulars have

"Mon." he said, "where did you get that

soup? It was the come-in of the man who got the soup. He was the clumsiest and least successful liar who ever lived, and knew it. So he told the truth. The Captain didn't say a word, but walked off with a meditative eve. That evening he was seen talking to the First Sergeant, The next day soup was more plentiful in the company.

Telling of volunteer and regular officers recalls a sensational and mysterious occurrence on San Juan Hill. On the night of July 2. when the Spaniards made their dash at the American lines, the available trenches were packed full of men. An excitable voluntee: Major, startled out of his sleep, ordered the men in support over the brow of the hill into the trenches. They grabbed their guns and ran over the crest of the hill, only to find the intrenchments filled to the limit with their own men. They had to lie down just back of the trenches without cover. The men in the trenches were biazing away for all that was in them. The new men sent up back of them were so many that they could not all lie side by side, but some had to lie one behind another. It was a dark night, Orders were drowned in the volleys of musketry, and to many of the volunteers the bugle and whistle calls were a foreign language. It necessarily rested with the individual men in the ranks back of the trenches to display cool judgment by refraining from firing.

An excitable lad of not more than 17 or 18 in the rear rank of those back of the trenches loaded and fired. At that moment a comrade just in front of him who had lifted himself on his elbows to see the advancing Spaniards flattened out on his face-stone dead. The Spaniards were soon glad to gallop back to their intrenchments. Then the support was ordered back under the brow of the hill again

and brought its dead with it. and brought its dead with it.

The man who had been killed just in front of
the excitable lad had a hole in him that you could shove a wagon pole through. It looked mighty like a Springfield bullet from the rear. A man beside the lad had seen him fire and the dead man drop. The lad himself admitted that he had fired. The Captain of the company, his men say, is a good officer, but excitable. In this case he was horrified and showed a disposition to be hasty and a little vindictive. He assembled his company, and in the course of a five-minute talk had the accused lad grovelling on the hillside in abject hysterics. The Captain talked of a drumhead court-martial and a firing squad in the morning. The occurrence had quite evidently been too much for his nerves.

Meanwhile an enlisted man had been sent for a surgeon. When one came he happened to be a regular. He listened to the evidence, and it didn't appear to excite him or shake his nerve. The lad was writhing and crying out in a kind him, poked him with the toe of his boot, and

said, "Shut up!"

Then he stepped over a few paces to where the dead man was stretched out and examined him by the starlight. He took quite a time, and the men, who had gathered about, awaited further developments with tense interest. To the lad writhing around on the ground it probably seemed an eternity. At last the regular surgeon came back. He looked down at the commander square in the eye and said:

"Shot with a Mauser bullet—from the front! Send this yelping whelp to your field hospital

Then he poked the lad with the toe of his boot, said "Shut up!" again, and marched off.

An Old Custom in the Old Quarters of New York Kept Up by Some Families.

"The other night," said a man who used to live in the South, "I was walking in West Ninth street with no particular destination in view. I take many such strolls and when my curiosity becomes unmanageable I hold up a policeman or go into a drug store and usually get satisfactory information. In the Ninth street stroll I came to a standstill caused by loud knocking. It was clear and its repetitions were in the same key. Always the same, no louder, no less distinct. I listened to each sound. I thought of my reading of the knocking at the gate in Macbeth and other things.

Where have I heard the sound before?' I asked myself. It certainly was familiar. I walked on and met a policeman and told him what I had heard. He smiled and explained. I was in an old bit of the city. He said the houses in that region had knockers on the outer doors. They had bells as well, but the families never used the bells. Only strangers do that. It's an old custom still honored in an old quarter of New York, the officer explained. Then I understood why the sound was familiar. The houses in the South had knockers before the war. Some still have."

ALSO A STORY OF THE LEATHS OF The Bear Was Just About to Kill One of

These Knob Country Sinners, When Along Came a Painter and They Killed Each Other-Matter of Prohibition Involved. MILYORD, Pa., Dec. 7 .- "The Legislatur' was talkin' the strongest kind about doin' it," said the man from the Knob country, "and folks in our bailiwick was feelin' toler'ble worked up over it, 'cause most of 'em wa'n't cut and fitted and it went plumb through him and stock out on tother side of him more than a foot! Both the bear and the painter tumbled over. By the time I could git to my feet the bear was deader than a stone, and the painter give one or two kicks and jined the bear wherever it is that bears and painters goes to when they die.

"It was quite a spell 'fore i could get my self collected together so as I could figger out jost what had happened. And then I see somethin that I wouldn't never have expected to see if I lived to be a thousand year old. What I had took for a spike stickin 'straight out o' the painter's mouth was a chunk o' the rope that I had baited with pork down the creek to ketch the painter's mouth was a chunk o' the rope that I had baited with pork down the creek to ketch the painter with. The only way I could account for its boln' there was that the painter, havin' swallowed the pork and a toot of two of the rope, found himself keiched. While he was tryin' to test loose someway, that cold snap began to settle, and by and by had froze that wet rope stiff and solid as a lightnin' rod. The painter in jumpin' and twistin' and circusin' around to get away, had broke that frozen rope square off, somethin like four foot or so from his nose. Then, mad and crazy and furious, he struck for the woods, shovin' the rope, like a long spear, ahead of him, t'other end of it bein' anchored in his maw by the hunk o' pork. Mand when he sloshed ag'in the bear the frozen rope went slidn' through brain like a streak o' lightnin', and I was rescued," says Blas.

"I was just on the p'int. Mandy, o' bringin' upone o' my trials and tribulations with bear ag'in this was the says to Slas's, when Sllas says to Gabe:

"Do you think there's any danger o' the Legislatur passin' o' that an' makin' us teetothlers, Gabriel'"

"And Gabriel looked serious and says to Slas': "That's what they as, Sllas," are he.

"Thus "are serious and says to Slas." "Thus," wa better to enjoy anything o' the sort. I hadn't been pertic'lar anxious myself for the Legislatur' to do it, but when I come home from the Eddy

that night I says to 'Mandy: Seems to me, now, that I hope the Legisatur' will do it!" 'Mandy looked inp from her apple-parin'

and says: "Do what?" 'Pass this here Maine law they're talkin' about,' I says.

"'Mandy didn't happen to have much of an idea what the Maine law was, and so she didn't say nothin', and went on with her apple-parin'. There wasn't a better Methodist in the hull Knob country than 'Mandy, and they was gettin' ready to hold a season o' sinner meetin's in the schoolhouse. I was feelin' so kind o' sad over what I had seen over to the Eddy that evenin' that by and by I says to 'Mandy:

" 'Ain't selfishness a besettin' sin, 'Mandy ?' I says.
"'Mandy was pertiolar strong ag'in' besettin'

sins, and she says:
"'One o' the worst there is, Dan'l,' she says. 'Selfishness is a besettin' sin to beware of and

fight!' she says. 'Then,' I says, 'I'd advise you to turn the dominie loose on Gabe and Silas, for if they ain't jest more than besot with selfishness then nobody never was!' I says.

" 'Mandy she looked up from her apple-parin' ag'in, and I see she was su'prised; but 'fore she got to askin' questions I begun to tell her what I had seen that evenin' over to the Eddy. "'I went into Sol's,' I says, 'and by and by Gabe come in and sot down, and 'fore long in come Silas. I don't know what started him,

but Silas up and says:
""I hain't heerd nobody tell a bear story mongst us for quite a spell, pertic'larly one that could be relied on fer its facts, and so I was thinkin' comin' over that I'd tell about that close call I had up in the Promised Land the winter I was doin' the job o'choppin' up there. The older I git," says Silas, "the gladder I am that I don't fergit facts, fer it's a real olation to me to bring 'em out now and then, when there seems to be so much lyin goin' on. I ain't hankerin' after turnin' up my toes yit a while, but when I do turn 'em up l want to leave a record that my folks kin make an epitaph for my gravestone out of, somethin like this: 'His walk was setch that even his affidavit wasn't no better than his plain word." "'Gabe sot there chawin' and grinnin', and

when Silas said that Gabe winked and says: ""And it'd be right, too, that epitaph would!" says Gabe. "Yes, sir, Silas! And we'll have it cut on your gravestone sure as guns!" 'Now,' says I to 'Mandy, 'that didn't seem to set well on Silas, for you know how tetchy he is anyhow, and he flared up and says:

Who'll put it on my gravestone?" says. "You don't mean to say that you think you'll have a hand in it, do you, Gabriel? jest like to bet you a little somethin' that I'll be here as lively as a cricket a good many years after your widder is Mrs. Somebody Else? I don't expect to be a Methusely, but I've got sands o' life, and I hain't run 'em out as fast as you have your'n, Gabriel, and mine will be runnin yit, like buckwheat into a mill hopper, long after you hain't got a durn grain o' sand left ! So don't count on writin' anything on my grave stone, 'cause I'm afeard you'll be disapp'inted!'

'I expected to see Gabe turn on Silas hot and heavy, but he didn't. He jest chawed a littie harder and grinned a little wider, and says: "Oh, I don't know 'bout that, Silas!" he says. "I see the Legislatur' is goin' to pass a aw that'll make us all Prohibitioners and tee totalers. I'm two years younger than you be and kin stand the strain, but it'll strike in on you, sure, and if my system wa'n't prepared for t no better than your'n is, I believe I'd rather take my chances with smallpox, or some setch

"'I began to feel uneasy, for I knowed how peppery and quick Silas was, and I was afeard he'd pitch into Gabe now, sure, and there'd be a fight betwixt neighbors that mowtend in a lawsuit, and I'd be a witness; but it hadn't gone quite fur enough yet. Silas was gittin' terrible worked up, though, and he snapped ack at Gabe pretty ugly.

"""Gabriel," he says, "if the Legislatur' makes us teetotalers, and if my system is so broke up that I ain't in no shape to stand ag'in setch a strain on it, you kin have the consolation o'knowin' that it wa'n't broke up by you al-ways a-askin' of me what I was goin' to have and pullin' me up to the bar to git it!"
"Seems to me. 'Mandy,' I says, 'I never see anybody chaw and grin the way Gabe did then.

and he says:

"That's so, Silas," he says. "I never
heerd of anybody ever pullin' you up to the
bar, but if anybody ever did try it I don't believe you had your clothestore much by hangin'
back!"

"I guess that this time 'Mande Silas."

"I guess that this time. 'Mandy, Silas, would a got up and belted Gabe one, anyhow but-I put in and got him eased down and brought him round to the hear story he had started in by sayin' he was gon' to tel, 'cause i wanted to hear it, havin' one or two I thought maybe I mowt put up as'in' he'n after he got through; and Gabe he quit his aggravatin' chawin' and grinini,' and said he wanted to hear it, too. So Silas got a goin' to tel, 'cause i wanted to hear it, too. So Silas got a goin' with it.

"This saint a bear story altogether, neither," says Silas, "for jest as the bear was on the p'int o' wipin' me off the face o' the earth I was rescued by one of the biggest and maddest painters that ever screeched in them or any other woods. So I mowt jest as weil call it a bear story, any you've a mind to.

"The creek was high about that time, and a good deal o' loose lumber was driftin' down. There was some logs up the creek that wanted snubbin' fast to somethin' fore they got a floatin' off too, and I took twenty foot of lineh rope and went up to fasten 'em. There was taik of a big and hungry painter that had been seen prowhin' around in that neighborhood, and I hadn't gone fur up the creek when I come to some fresh tracks in the snow, and I see at once that they was made by a painter, and a big one. I thunk the halter over a spell, and then mait up my mind that some one else could look after them logs. I was goin' to gother in that painter, and I was goin' to gother in that painter, and I was goin' to gother in that painter, and I was goin' to gother in that painter, and I was goin' to got him a way that no loody ever hed ketched a painter before. I hurried home and got a hunk of fresh pork, knowing that painters was pertic ler fond o' young hog. Goin' back to where I had see by the tracks in the snow that the painter was rowin' a round. I teld the pork to one end of the rope, and to ther end o' the rope as well. I was goin to got here was rowin' a round in the sorrier to sole my painter than painters was prefit ler

wild Injuns use to picnie there and the reabouts came from to ris the creek. The bear dropped his paw and glared over that way. I see his eyes begin to taige and felt him tremble, he was so skeort. I turned my head and looked. No wonder the bear was skeert. Tearin' right to rid us was the bisgrest painter I ever see. His eyes was actuly dashin' fire, and he was crazy mad. More than that, out of his mouth, straight abead of him, stuck a spike more than four foot long! That was the tremendousest sight I eyer see, and I shut my eyes and wished that the bear would finish me there and then. But the bear would finish me there and then. But the bear would finish me there and then. But the bear would finish me there had there, but before he could take a step the painter came plungin' ag'in him. He struck the bear broadsides with that terribic spike, and it went plumb through him and stuck out on tother side of him more than a foot. Both the bear and the painter tumbled over. By the time I could git to my feet the bear was deader than a stone and the mainter two one or two MISCHIEF DONE BY A CLOCK. CAUSED MISERY, THEN SUICIDE IN AN

e Wife Gor It Because She Wanted to Live Like the Whites-Her Husband's Nerves Unstrung by the Sound of the Gong-Quarrels That Led to a Tragedy. KIPP, Mon., Dec. 5.-It was ration day at the Blackfeet Agency, and very early in the morning, long before the great bell called the employees to their labor, the Indians began to come in from their homes to draw the portions of beef and flour due them. Some arrived on horseback, some in wagons, and oth-

and there an old woman could be sees astride a small pony, which was dragging a cross-pole travol, sole relie of the old nomadic days.

Never had the trader and his assistants been busier than they were this morning. The Indians had just received the checks for their annual shipment of beet cattle, and were anxlous to exchange the money for his wares. They crowded into the store and good-naturedly pushed and elbowed one another in their endeavors to reach the place where the particular goods they wanted were displayed. Back and forth behind the counters rushed the perspiring, shirtsleeved clerks, tearing off strips of calico and singham, weighing gro ceries and provisions, and high above the noise of conversation and shuffling feet could

answer a hundred questions at once. Man-two (The Raven) and his wife, Pai-o-ta Flying) did not arrive until nearly noon, for their ranch was twenty-five miles distant over a hilly road. As soon as they had unhitched and cared for their team, they drew their ra-tions and then started for the store. Mas-two had a \$200 check, which was fairly burning his pocket. Hand in hand they walked leisurely up to one of the great windows, and pressing their noses against it, looked within, the man at the row of saddles, bridles and spurs. the woman at the tempting display of brighthued clothe and shawls she longed to possess

"Come," she exclaimed, giving her husband's arm a loving squeeze, "let us go inside and

thiers, Gabriel?"

"And Gabriel looked serious and says to Slias:

"That's what they say. Slias," says he.

"Thon," says Slias," hadn't we better take time by the forelock a little?" says he.

"Why, yes," says Gabe. "Seems to me we had," says he.

"And Gabe and Slias went up without sayin' a word to nobedy, and Slias bought it, and then after while Gabe bought it, and there sot poor Sam, a-hemmin' his throat clear, and coughin' the driest kind, and shufflin' his feet so's anybody with any feelin' couldn't a helped but heerd him. They never asked him, and it struck me all of a heap. 'Mandy, that if Gabe and Slias didn't have the besettin' sin o' selfishness; and I said then, and I say now, that it seems to me as if I hope the Legislaur' will do it, jest to spite Gabe and Slias! And, 'Mandy, I says. 'If I was you I'd turn the dominic loose on 'em to-morrow." 'Mandy didn't say nothin', but I knowed buy."
"Wait," he replied, turning from the window, "The place is too crowded. We will sit here in the shade awhile and consider what we want." So they went around the corner out of the sun and while Mas-two carefully filled his pipe and complacently smoked, Pal-6-ta counted to morrow."
"Mandy didn't say nothin', but I knowed she was feelin' pleased with the idee by the way she kep' a smilin' as she pared her apples." on her fingers over and over again the artieles she intended to purchase. Mas-two was about 35 years old and the

only survivor of a large family of noted warriors who had been chiefs of the tribe from time immemorial. In his younger days he had proved himself worthy of the stock he came from in the wars with surrounding tribes, and undoubtedly would in time have become the leader of his people; but the buffalo was suddenly exterminated, his people were obliged to give up the wild, free life on the plains and settle down on a reservation, and the term chief was but an empty name.

the flat that makes me think of those old days. It's a far cry from an old Southern plantation and it's rambling house to a New York flat, but "Did you ever hear of the Pascaroula Indians? Northerners don't seem to know that old legend, but any darky in southern Mississippi could tell it to you, and I've always thought it was worth a great poem or a great picture. The Pascagoulas were a brave, intelligent tribe, who absolutely defled conquest and civilization. I don't know where they came from originally, but they were steadily driven southward, retreating step by step before the whites and disputing every inch of the way. Several times they settled down and thought they would be left in peace, but each

time they had to don their war paint again and were pushed further south. They came into Mississippi and stayed for a while, then were "They could go no further, and they knew that their enemies were advancing toward them. Their braves were great warriors, but they didn't wish to die in battle and leave their wives and children and the old men and women behind them. There was no chance of victory for them, for they had found the whites invincible. So the chiefs met in coun-

whites invincible. So the chiefs met in council and deliberated for one long day. When night came they had decided what should be done. The next morning every member of the tribe put on his finest garments and adorned himself royally. They performed the funeral rites of their people. Then they all went down to the Beach, and, joining hands, men, women and children stretched themselves in a long line along the smooth sand. They waited until the sun set, and then, chanting the death song of the Pasca-goulas, they danced solemnly down the beach and out into the sea, until the breakers dashed over them and the undertow swent them away. Not one of the tribe came back to the shore alive. away. Not one of the tribe came back to the shore alive.

"I won't swear that the story is true, but they believe it down on the Paseagoula River, and I was born there. My grandfather's plantation lies along the river and the sea, just where that weird death seems occurred, and I knew the story when I was a baby. At certain seasons there is a wild, doleful moaning to be heard along the beach, from sunset until morning. It isn't the ordinary moan of the sea, but a most mournful, unearthly noise. Some of my grandfather's friends had a scientific explanation for it, but the negroes said that it was the death wall of the Pascagoulas. I remember my old mammy used to take me out to hear the sound, and tell me the story, and I belleved it as firmly as she did, but I hadn't thought of it for years until we moved into this new flat."

and dowerless.

"She may lack horses," he had replied to their expostulations, "but have enough for did. They were insearable. If he went to their expostulations, "but have enough for did. They were insearable. If he went to hunt horses or eattle, she went with him. If he built a shed or cornal alte was always to be an and cheering him by her sprightly talk. He was respected by all for his honesty and kindliness. It was his boast that he had never was respected by all for his honesty and kindliness. It was his boast that he had never was her boast that she had the kindest husband in the world. Many were the women married to men they did not love and leading a mastwo was senoking his third pipe when Pal-d-ta finally decided that the number of articles she wanted to purchase was cight. Pal-d-ta finally decided that the number of articles she wanted to purchase was cight. And and turning down a finger as he mentioned each one: "A blue dress, red dress, green and red shaw," dive bunches of beads, ket, some gum and"—here she hesitated, then pressed down the eighth finger and said hesitating; "A clock," a clock! What do we want of a clock? Does not the sun measure the day? We cannot read and could never understand wint the clock says. On live like the whites, and we should have a clock in our house even if we can't understand it. When the agent or the farmer comes to our plans like civilized sectopie." He had a clock in our house even if we can't understand it. When the agent or the farmer comes to our plans like civilized seed and 200 bright sliver dollars in piles of ten were shoved over the bought be neid for it before ordering another one, and in that way could tell how his nile of dollars diminished. Having our had a conditioned the arise of the deck was cannot be a conditioned to the deck was cannot be a conditioned to the horse of the deck. White has a condition to the clock with the said the said of the clock will continue the world of the clock which he said the had the world had been continued to the clock

tions as are necessary to prevent cattle, calves and borses being caught in the trans. They employ a peculiar scent to draw wolves and covotes to their trans. This scent is very powerful, the princinal ingredient being musk or something very similar to it in odor. The four-footed pests of the range are decidedly cunning and great care has to be taken not to arouse their suspicions. The traps, after being set, are placed in a hollowed out spot in the ground, evered with paper and then hidden from view by sprinkling light dirt or dust upon them.

A piece of fresh meat, usually mutton, is then laid close to the trap after a quantity of the scent has been placed upon it. This scent has a peculiarly penetrating odor, and, if the wind is favorable, will stract wolves and coyotes from as much as a mile away. The animals suff the air, proceed toward the spot from which the scent proceeds and while smelling suspiciously around the reented piece of meat step into the trap and are caught. Each trap is securely fastened by a chain so that it cannot be dragged away by the captives. Frequent visits to the trap are made by the funters, when the captured animals are killed and their scalps and hides taken away as evidence necessary to secure the bounty.

bureau, he grasped the clock in both hands and dashed it to the floor with all his strength. The marble case was shattered to decea, and the works gleamed among the fragracus. These he picked out from the wreck and threw into the stove. When he had vented his ableen against the timeriese his wife was gone, but he could near her outside crying as if her heart would break.

"Come in." he cried, going to the door. "Stop that crying. Come in and go to bed."

As she didn't answer and only cried the harder, he grasped her by the arm and showed her inside with a ringing bek on the car. That was too much for the woman, and she began to

harder, he grasped her by the arm and showed her inside with a rhighing box on the can. That was two much for the woman, and she began to scools him as only an angry Indian woman can and finally, having exhausted her stock of evidents, she went to bed and turned her face to the wall.

From that time the old loving companionship of the couple ceased. They went about their work he usual, and at times were seemingly as happy as ever, but they quarrelied often about the most trivial things. Pai-5-ta could not get over the loss of her beautiful clock. One evening they went up on top of the bluff, and, going to the west end of it, where it drouped straight down several hundred feet into the valley, took their farorite seat and tooked out over the extent of their ranch and the wood-fringed stream. Their band of cattle, which had been to water, were now stringing back, and instead of going around the fence which inclosed the hay mendow, began to enter though the gateway and tramble the luxuriant growth.

It told you this afternoom, said Mastwo. ers, the more wealthy, in shining carciages drawn by sleek and well-groomed horses. Here

be heard the voice of the interpreter, trying to

fence which inclosed the hay meadow, began to enter through the gateway and trample the luxuriant growth.

I told you this afternoon," said Mas-two, "to but up those bars, Why didn't you do it? See new how the cat'le are spoiling the grass?" You didn't tell me any such thing," exclaimed Pai-o-ta indignantly.

"You didn't."

"Dog-faced liar, I did."

Pai-o-ta looked at him long and sadly and then taking a pair of scissors from her belt said; "I can stand this everiasting quarrelling no longer. My heart is always aching. Better for me to die, and here, now, I'm going to," and she lifted the extended and shining blades toward her throat.

"So!" exclaimed Mas-two. "At least I will not live to see you do it," and quick as a flash he leaped over the edge of the cliff, whirled over and over through the air and struck the bottom with a resounding thud.

Pai-o-ta, with a shrick, jumped up, and peering over the rocky wall saw the body of her husband lying at the bottom, arms extended, his blood-stained face staring blankly at the setting sun. Scaroe knowing what, she did she hurriedly retraced her steps, ran down the rocky path and grasped the inanimate form in her arms. And there in the morning a passing neighbor found her pillowing the still body on her lap.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN. The One Occasion on Which the Great Giant Was Really Put Out.

"While the great giant of whose size I hav een trying to give you some notion," said the old circus man. "was not by sny means as great in intellect as he was in stature, yet he was by no means lacking, and I never knew him to be put out but once, and that was over an unexpected little thing, just as might happen to any man.

"One of the things that the giant used to do was to take a drink in the ring. Walking ound, with the people all looking at him, he'd come pretty soon to the ringmaster and bend down over him and touch him on the head, and when the ringmaster looked up the giant would say to him that he'd like something to drink.

"'How would a bottle of beer suit your Majesty? the ringmaster would say, and when the giant said all right the ringmaster would send out for a bottle of beer.
"This bottle, of course, was one we had

made for the business. It was about twice as big as a hogshead, and it had a neck of propor tionate size. I suppose the cork that fitted it was a little bit bigger than a barrel. When the ringmaster sent out for a bottle of beer for the giant it was this bottle that was brought in We used to have it hauled into the ring on a two-horse truck. The giant would always smile in anticipation when he saw it coming. and when they halted alongside of him he used to take the bottle by the neck and lift it off the truck. Then he'd look down on the truck and around on it and at the man that had come in with it, and finally he'd turn to the ringmaster and say he didn't see any cork

screw.
"What?" says the ringmaster, "no corkscrew?' and then he'd say to one of the men: Bring in a corkscrew for his Majesty!"

"The man would come back in a minute carrying on his shoulder what seemed to be a pole about eighteen feet long and pointed at the end. He'd walk up pretty close to the giant and then stop and tip the pointed end

of the pole—he carried it with the pointed end to the production of the production of the production of the pole as he will, forward, gradually raising the pole as he will, forward, gradually raising the pole as he will, forward, gradually raising the pole as he will of the pole it until he had it standing unright on its point. Then the ringmaster would say to the giant:

Here is the corkscrew, your Majesty. And the giant held it of a moment crosswise, when he would cast loose the horses from the truck and unship the wagon pole and hand that up to the significant for a moment crosswise, which we will also the pole of the pole opened like a pair of jaws and then those is we would and the top of the pole opened like a pair of jaws and then these is we would anti-depth on the pole and hold it. Then the giant was and then these is we would anti-depth on the pole and hold it. Then the giant of the pole opened like a pair of jaws and then these is we would anti-depth of the pole opened like a pair of jaws and then these is we would anti-depth of the pole opened like a pair of jaws and the pole and hold it. Then the giant is a point about six feet helow the handle, would gradually but surely curl itself into a spiral shape, in the form of a gizantic corkscrew. It was our eighteen-foot anaeonda, well, now, that did used to get the audience immense; it used to terrify em somewhat, too, well, now, that did used to get the audience immense; it used to terrify em somewhat, too, well, now, that did used to get the audience or manuse; it used to terrify em somewhat, too, well, now, that did used to get the audience immense; it used to terrify em somewhat, too, well, now, that did used to get the audience immense; it used to terrify em somewhat, too, well, now, that did used to get the audience of the pole of the bottle will be the corks and they holding the corkscrew, with the cork, and then the office of the sound to get the too the sound to the pole of the pole of

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## ANELEVATOR'S PERVERSITY

HEIGHTS TO WHICH OLD-FASHIONED

in Afternoon Ten Six Flights Up and an Elevator on Strike-Different Conduct of Women of the Older and the Younger Generation-A Trip Over Two Roofs.

The perversity of inanimate things in genral, and of elevators in particular, furnished esorbing topics of conversation at an uptown tea yesterday. The testimony handed in all pointed to the conclusion that, for inbred impishness and diabolical malice, an elevator can objects; and the tales that were told of elevator wrongdoing would move a credulous person to abandon lofty heights and hie himself to

ground floors or basements. The hostess listened to the cheerful stories which were intended for her moral support, and she smiled and joked about the situation and made a heroic effort to assume an air of jovial unconcern; but in her heart were bitterness and gall, and at intervals she led some nember of the family to a secluded spot and relieved her feelings by expressing her opinion of elevators and teas and fate. Yet, after all, the joke was on the guests, and if they could suffer serenely the hostess should have been philosophical.

The tea hours were from 4 to 6. At 3 the elevator was running merrily—even more smoothly than usual. Not a suggestion of malice or evil intention did it show. At 4 it threw off its mask and stuck fast at the first Persuasion, abuse, force, were all wasted upon it. The elevator boy and the janitor and the engineer and the agent explained to it that the lady on the top floor had invitations out for a tea that afternoon. The elevator was sulkily obstinate. The hostess herself came down and, with tears in her voice, explained the situation. The elevator could not be moved, even by tears, Then workmen attacked it and cheered the soul of the hostess with encouraging promises;

The hostess and her assistants held council. "There's nothing to do but treat it as a joke." said the grandmother with philosophical resignation gained by long years of life in New York. The hostess looked as though she had no sense

"Nobody will climb those six flights of stairs." she wailed. The grandmother, in whose honor the tea was given, tilted her chin loftily.

younger generation, but my friends who come dream of coming to the door and turning back I'm afraid courtesy and energy are dying together in these days."

I'm afraid courtesy and energy are dying together in these days."

And she was right. The only cards left with the haliboy were those of young women. The older women, one and all, tolled up the six flights, and presented themselves in the drawing room, a trifle flushed, somewhat breathless, but full of conscious rectitude, and asserting, stoutly, that stair climbing had always been one of their pet diversions. If it had not been for the ejaculatory character of their conversation one might have believed that they frequently ran up and down six flights of stairs before meals, just by way of an appetizer. On each landing of the stairs were gathered groups of gray-haired women, in various stages of prostration, but no one faitered, and they reached the top floor, as long on amiability as they were short on breath. One dear old lady, blessed with mary years and much avoirdupois, really couldn't climb the stairs; but was she staggered for a moment? Did the idea of not attending that to ever enter her head? Not a bit of it.

"I cannot climb the stairs," she said firmly to the elevator boy, who was in a most humble and chastened mood, for everybody seemed to consider him responsible for the situation.

"I'm sorry, ma'am." he answered meekly.

"But how shall I go up?" asked the lady.

"I don't know, ma'am. I guess you can't."

"Can't? Of course I shall go; but how?"

He shook his head hopelessly.

"Is there no other means of ascending? Is there no other mede of ingrees?" asked the lady, with imposing dignity. She fixed the youth with her lorgnon, and he wilted.

"Well, there's the power elevator."

"I'll go in the power elevator."

"I'll you to the lady's apartment. You'd have to climb out, and walk across twe roofs, a

"I have no objections to walking across roofs and through kitchens. Lead me to the power clevator."

She waved the lorgnon at him, and he obeyed. Another guest, arriving at that moment, was invited to join the expedition. The party descended to the cellar, accombanied by interested servants, and were hoisted up in the freight elevator. Half way up the two women, with much civility, exchanged cards.

We may never have another opportunity of making each other's acquaintance," said the old lady, with a thought of the alippery roofs. A few minutes later the cook, who was making chocolate for the multitude, heard a rap of the kitchen door and flung it open. There stood a portly old lady in silk and furs, smiling serenely.

"I've come to the tea," she explained. I came across the roofs," and the cook, forgetting conventionalities, said, "Howly Moses!" and then broke late a grin that still lingers on her face. When the explorer of the roofs appeared in the drawingroom she was greeted with as much surprise, if with less emphasis.

"Why, you dear thing, how did you ever get up those stairs: I never dreamed you would be good enough to make that frightful exerten," said the hosters. The old lady looked '-fended.

"I had not sent cards. You might have

tien," said the hosters. The old lady looked a fended.

"I had not sent cards. You might have known I would be here, my dear. In my day we were not brought up in the social ideas of the present generation."

Then she joined the grandmother of the hostess, who was the guest of honor, and they had a beautiful time thanking heaven that they were not as other and younger women. At a quarter past it, five minutes after the last guest had departed, the elevators blithely consented to resume work. But the ten was a success in spite of fate; and now, when her grandmother tells laies of the good old days that would move a mummy to skepticism, the hostess mockly listens and believes. She has seen to what lengths—and heights—courtesy will carry the older generation.

This aign adorns the window of a Nassau street establishment whose proprietor is belief known for piety than for any sense of humat

MARG ON THE PREMISES.